

THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. 6.

JANUARY, 1849.

NO. 1.

CHRIST'S CALL ENCOURAGING.

BY THE EDITOR.

TAKING the most common division of time,—that used by the grammarians, into past, present and future, and looking at it in a Christian light, and in relation to the Christian character, each of those periods will be found to have its peculiar sentiment, and a special duty belonging to it: and he would be found to turn them to their highest service, who, while he contemplates the past is filled with penitence; while he contemplates the present is roused to action; and while he contemplates the future is inspired with hope. Not that in either case one emotion would so completely possess the mind as to exclude every other. But one may be uppermost, predominant, to such an extent that in the vividness of it other feelings will for the time appear to sink, vanish and be forgotten.

Take the first mentioned, for example, penitence — for the past. Suppose any one of us applies his thoughts to the year that has just been finished; sits down in private and serious reflection to think over its course,—or rather his own course through its months and weeks and days; traces back his own footsteps,—all as legible to the eye of his conscience, as the tracks of the guilty criminal skulking back to his hiding place over the new fallen snow that he could not wipe from the

ground where he trod nor throw back into the clouds ; suppose he recalls its actions, brings up the secret motives with which they were done as well as their appearance ; lives over again its various experience, its *inward* life — of passion, conflict, desire, ambition, envy, revenge, — as well as its outward speech and overt deeds. After such an exercise it is very plain that with any man of healthy and well-balanced mind the prevailing feeling, the most vivid sentiment, will be one of regret, dissatisfaction, penitence. That is to say, he will be more impressed, more vividly convicted and wrought upon, by a humiliating sense of what he has not done than by what he has done, — or by what he has done ill, imperfectly, unfaithfully, sluggishly, from selfish aims or the mere routine of custom instead of a pure love of duty, — than by any good he may have accomplished, any conquest over temptation he has achieved, or any growth in purity, nobleness and justice that may have signalized his history. Granted, that there may have been such growth, that he has done many worthy things, that he has spoken friendly and virtuous words, and been often governed by his better principles ; yet in such a survey as I have now imagined, these will almost sink out of his memory. In comparison with what he ought to have done and might have done, — the heights of holiness he might have reached, — they will all look poor and unsatisfying ; his march will seem to have been slow, hesitating, uneven, broken and wandering, through boggy fens and misty marshes, rather than a firm, steady, upward, ever-ascending pilgrimage, with free foot and undaunted courage, over the mountains of clear faith and commanding holiness. If he has any just sense of what a glorious destiny he was created for, — what perfection is, — what hateful, degrading and barren things sin, sensuality and stark worldliness are, — of the breadth of God's commandments, and the strictness of His law, and the exalted superiority of Christ's example, and how God loves him, and how every sin offends that God, — how the soul's very nature was made for goodness, and is violated, cramped and stifled whenever he does wrong, — if he has any thing like a fair and just conception of these Christian facts I say, then it cannot be otherwise than that the foremost and deepest feeling will be a sense of his shortcomings and his shame. Penitence will be

his intensest emotion. No matter how good he is, the better man he is the more of that penitence he will feel. Whoever looks on the past year with nothing but complacent satisfaction is far from the kingdom of heaven.

But let us turn now to another quarter, and the sentiment that appropriately belongs to it ; from retrospects to anticipation ; from the irrevocable past to the hastening future ; from the penitence that is awakened by the one, to the courageous spirit of resolution and hope that befits the other. We meet now as editor and reader for the first time in the new year. It becomes us to do so in a spirit of Christian thanksgiving and joy, and with a Christian determination to press cheerfully forward, to the duties that are opening afresh around us. A temper for hopeful and energetic effort, is the temper that the anniversary bids us cherish and encourage.

Look a moment at the scene that is presented in a passage of Christ's Biography. Jesus, followed by his disciples, was on his way from a distant part of Palestine, journeying up to Jerusalem. He passed through Jericho ; and as he went out of that city, a poor, blind beggar sat by the roadside to gather alms of those that passed. It is no unusual spectacle in an Eastern city, or its suburbs ; but so common, and so offensive often to the sight that most travellers would pass it by, and hurry, dropping perhaps a forced charity by the way, out of the sight of its wretchedness. Here however was a pilgrim — not of the unfeeling, selfish multitude — that never turned heedlessly from want, nor looked on a sufferer but to pity and to bless him. Already the fame of Christ's miracles of mercy had gone abroad, and the whole country resounded with the marvellous report, was awake with curiosity. As he approached the spot where the blind man was sitting, the rumor was spread from one to another that Jesus, the healer of the sick and lame and palsy stricken, — he who had raised to life the widow's son at Nain, he of the loving heart and the truth-speaking voice, the self-renouncing Prince of poverty and peace, was coming. Bartimeus, with the quickened sense of hearing that distinguishes the blind, catches the rustling of the crowd that his sightless eye-balls cannot see ; and he cries out in the bitter earnestness of misery, feeling that here at last may be one that can help his wretchedness, "Jesus, thou son

of David,—son of that mighty king whom every Jew honors, by thy royal blood, and thy own merciful nature,—have pity on me !” And those that stood by rebuked the beggar, and charged him to be still. But how little they knew of the condescending soul that moved so serenely on, in the tranquil and benignant figure before them ! Anguish knows no rules of conventional decorum, and the distressed Bartimeus cries again, and louder than before, “Thou son of David, have mercy on me.” And whether the petition was wrung from him by his grief, or whether the poor creature, as has been the case in many thousands of the children of poverty and obscurity since, had a deeper spiritual insight, and knew his Lord and Master by an instinctive sympathy quicker than the proud and favored Hebrews about him,—he did not cry in vain. Jesus stopped and commanded him to come near. And then it would appear that, astonished at this wondrous notice, the beggar hesitated, and affrighted at his presumption shrank back abashed from the august and majestic presence that he had invoked ; he dared not approach the Master. Ah, how many of us who call loudly on Jesus to-day would be alarmed at his real and visible coming to our side, and shrink in dread from the glance of his pure eye ! And then it was that those standing by, perceiving their mistake, realizing at length this unprecedented condescension, turned to the blind man to reassure him. “It is indeed true,” they tell him ; “be of good comfort ; rise ; he does call thee.” And then, gathering resolution from the invitation — casting off the tattered cloak that wrapped his trembling frame, he rose and timidly approached the Saviour. “What wilt thou that I should do unto thee ?” was the encouraging question of Jesus. And, with such confidence as his bowed and awe-stricken spirit permitted, the mendicant answered, “Lord, that I might receive my sight.” Then Jesus said to him,—those blessed and gracious words of healing,—“Go thy way ; thy faith,—thy belief that I could heal thee,—thy persevering trust in the divine power within me, which prompted that repeated cry,—this has gained thy cure,—this makes thee whole.” And straightway those shut eyes were opened ; light pours in upon the long-darkened organs of vision ; the fair universe stands unveiled in its beauty to the amazed and overpowered sense.

And then, not ungrateful, not turning away in selfish haste from his benefactor, but clinging to his presence, and eagerly stretching the gaze of those restored eyes after him, he follows Jesus in the way.

Who of us is not blind? Who of us is not weary? Who is not poor, in the soul's possessions? Who does not go away from the closet of his confessions, from the dark revelation of the secrets of his heart made to him in the hours of his self-examination, and from his penitence before God, back to his daily life again, humbled by a consciousness of his weakness, almost disheartened at his many failures, and almost in despair at his unworthiness?

It is to precisely that humble and Christian frame of the heart that Christ brings a message of encouragement and hope and cheering; and we can find no words in which to speak it so fitting as those of the Saviour himself "Be of good courage; rise; for Christ calleth thee."

And the peculiar encouragement of that call consists in this,—that it is a call to *action*. It does not rebuke our energies. It does not repress nor paralyze the self-helping fortitude of the manliest heart among us. Christianity does not mock and tantalize you, by telling you that you can do nothing of yourself; that you are helpless; that the power is taken out of your hands; that hereditary sin has shorn you of your strength before you had begun to exercise it, and that Adam put fetters on your moral faculties before you were born. It does not tell you that you can do nothing; but that, exposed and frail and tempted and ever yielding as your moral nature is, it has the seeds of great harvests, and the elements of mighty struggles, and the capacity of noble resistance, and the guaranty of final triumph, in it. It does not smite you into flat dejection by telling you, you can do nothing; it assures you, and by all solemn warnings bids you hearken to the assurance,—that through Christ and God whom you are sure to find by seeking, you can do all things. Christ says, "Arise;" to each one of us, to the feeblest and the most hardened,—to those that have abused and wronged themselves by indulgence,—to the corrupt and the sensual,—yes, to the comfortable worldling, the slave of gain and fashion,—

the thoughtless and trifling whose highest ambition it is to flutter and shine like painted moths in the dazzling light of gay assemblies,—to sinful woman and to sinful man alike, it says, "Arise! Get thee up from that low and earthly level; do not sink in that downward and ever-descending scale; do not slide upon those slippery paths; do not grovel and wallow in those styes of sensual filth; but rise; look upward, and struggle upward, and march upward, and come unto your Master; rise into the mount of God! The power is in you. No sin, however ruinous, has killed it all. Some spark is left, which all the muddy waters of your base passions have not quenched. Fan that spark, and it will glow into a live coal, a flame, a steadily burning torch of truth and love within you. Exercise that power, and little by little it will strengthen, it will lay its grasp on one bad habit after another, and one low impulse and rebellious desire after another, till everything in your character is subject unto it, and you stand forth in the liberty and independence of a virtuous child of God. Christianity offers its appeal to the strongest self-respect and the bravest temper. It repeats no nursery tales to beguile a childish fancy. It deals with ponderous realities. It offers weighty reasons, and asks a weighty consideration. It gives the instruments, and asks a service. It takes for granted the capacity of every soul to be righteous, and abhor iniquity; to forsake the wicked and live; and it expects that capacity will not be disowned nor forfeited. It speaks in the stirring notes of a trumpet. Its tone is animating,—not depressing; quickening, not drowsy; inspiring, not disheartening. It calls to *action*. It says, "Arise." And thus it is a message of substantial cheerfulness and encouragement.

I say again that Christianity, when it would persuade us to be Christians, speaks the language of encouragement by putting obstacles before us,—by summoning us to difficulty. And there is no paradox nor contradiction in the statement. For all souls that preserve the natural health and robustness God gave, love difficulty, choose to encounter it, feel it to be a salutary discipline to grapple with it, and enjoy a heightened repose from having vanquished it. I never could consent to make the Christian life attractive to any man, by telling him

it was an easy matter. I should not expect to gain his faith, by that representation, but should be less surprised if he replied, "I will have nothing to do with your easy Christianity. I want my powers to be tasked, and my endurance to be tried." No : I would present the Christian life as it is, — full of struggles, hardships, difficulties, but full of satisfactions, unspeakable pleasures ; a glorious peace, also ; for every struggle, a conquest ; for every hardship, an honor ; for every self-denial, a sceptre and crown. I would not disguise its thistles and its thorns, its mortifications and its self-renunciations, — its life-long battle with the flesh ; its tears and groans and sighs of contrition. Let them all be confessed and foreseen, — and I should not fear that by them alone any sincere or resolute spirit will be disheartened, but should look to find it animated rather.

Christ requires us to cast off the fear and the cowardice ; to buckle on the armor ; not to be ashamed of the Gospel ; to embrace it though all the world look on ; to scorn being carried to heaven on "flowery beds of ease" ; to take the opprobrium and the burden ; to despise receiving rewards without earning them ; to bear the cross and come after him, — like Bartimeus to cast off unworthy fears as a vile garment, and come leaping with confidence into his holy service, that we may merit his heavenly benediction too, and hear him saying, "Thy *faith* hath made thee whole."

Another reason for good Christian cheer and encouragement, in all the future that now opens anew upon us, is that the service to which we are invited, and the earnest conflict to which we are summoned, and the crown held out for us, are the Christian service, the Christian conflict, and the Christian crown, — in one word that *it is* Christ who calls us. Every tone of his voice is sincere, hearty, cordial and sympathizing. There is no cunning sophistry, no canting affectation, no bargaining with self-interest, no concealment of intention in him. With such a frankness and simplicity as puts all our social customs of compliance, servility and flattery to the blush, — he pierces straight to our necessities, unfolds the secret want and sinfulness of our hearts, and then offers us peace, progress and redemption. With his divine knowledge of our nature, he probes its festering selfishness, lays open the petty refuges

of its pride, contradicts its falsehoods, and shows us a more perfect pattern and a better way. As our example, he is encouraging especially in this, that having passed through all the trials of our humanity, tasted of its infirmities, and being tempted like as we are, he yet afforded a complete instance of the practicability of overcoming, and the spotless beauty of such holiness. "Tempted like as we are, yet without sin,"—there is the attraction and the charm,—drawing us closer, in confidence and love, to the heart of Jesus than to all other heroes and sufferers and martyrs of our race. Rise! it is such an one that calleth thee.

Christ yields us encouragement, too, not only as our Example, but as our Teacher, because he shows the worth of the soul, its native dignity as the child of an Infinite Father; because he promises us that they who hunger and thirst after righteousness *shall* be filled; that they who ask shall receive, and they who seek shall find; that the pure in heart shall see God; that the Comforter shall come, and the mourner be comforted; that they who keep the commandments shall enter into life; that in his Father's house are many mansions; that all who come, weary and heavy-laden to him, *shall* find rest unto their souls; that he is the resurrection and the life; that he has overcome the world,—that even in this world, if we love one another he and the Father will make their abode with us; and that if we take up the cross daily and come after him, we shall be his disciples, and enter into his kingdom. Be of good comfort; rise; *he calleth thee.*

And finally, Christ encourages us, and gives us hope, because he comes to show us the Father: to repeat, yes, and to seal with his blood, the promise of forgiveness; to make us certain beyond the possibility of doubt, that every penitent soul, even in the moment of its penitence, is pardoned and accepted of him who loveth all souls, and to prove how unwilling the Father is that one of us should perish; pouring out the precious blood of the Son, to touch and melt and redeem us by the power of love, from our estrangement, thoughtlessness and sin.

Christ calls us to rise, and come to him. Be of good comfort; he points the way; he reveals the truth; he imparts the life. The needed means and helps and instruments he provides.

Come, then, into the opening year with joy. Keep its feast with gladness and in peace. Enter into the Household of Faith with love. Bind the cords of its blessed fellowship in sincerity. Jesus himself invites all of us, blind as Bartimeus, and poor, and frail, and sorrowing, and tempted,—to come and sit down with him, and offers us the wedding garments of his own purity and truth. Have courage ; rise ; it is he that calleth thee. And he adds the blessed pledge — “Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. And to him that overcometh, will I give to sit with me in my throne, even as I overcame and am set down with my Father on His throne !”

AN INCIDENT FROM THE LIFE OF MADAME GUION.

BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

OUR readers may not all know that this lady lived in France about two hundred years ago, outwardly in communion with the Romish Church, inwardly in communion, most sweet and intimate, with the great Father of spirits and Friend of souls. She was a Christian in the highest sense of that glorious word, and she was especially distinguished by her persuasion, that under the blessing of God it is possible to live a life of perfect holiness and trust, even whilst we are in the flesh. Her preference of Christianity to Romanism exposed her to the attacks and persecutions of her less spiritual brethren in the faith, and made her life a life of trial. Soon a widow, she determined to give so much of her time and substance as should not be needed for her children to the ignorant and poor, and selected as the scene of her labors a poor section of country on the borders of France and Savoy. She embarked in a boat on the river Seine, her little daughter, a child only five years of age, and three female friends with her. The child presently began to employ herself in cutting twigs and rushes gathered from the river bank, into the shapes of crosses, and then in apparent unconsciousness, she went and at-

tached them to the garments of her mother, in such profusion, that she was soon literally covered with crosses. She had known many trials, and she received the act of her child as symbolic, as foreshadowing what she had still to endure. One of her companions, Sister Garnier, also considered the doings of this child mysterious, and turning to the little girl, she said, "My pretty child, give me some crosses too," but the child said, "No, they are all for my dear mother." Then as a beautiful and cheering sequel, Madame Guion presently saw her daughter weaving a crown of leaves and river flowers, which when it was finished, she placed upon her head, saying, "After the cross you shall be crowned." Thus the symbol was made perfect. In this case the cross proved to be the forfeiture of a reputation for orthodoxy, a heavy trial for a Catholic ; she must patiently endure to be regarded as the foe of Christ and of his Church, though in truth she was a most devoted and consistent Christian, far more so than those who declaimed against her heresies or departures from the Romish faith.

The incident suggests one very important and never to be omitted answer to the question,—Why does not man advance more rapidly in the right way?—It is this—He dreads the cross ; he avoids that path of light ; he misuses his power sometimes to avoid that dreaded result. When we question our hearts we are continually brought back to this—It is true of every person that between him and the right there is an obstacle which he can remove only at a real sacrifice, and which he is not willing to remove. The thoughtless and worldly finding at what great cost excellence is to be purchased, let it go entirely, and even the better sort of men are too much occupied with the attempt to do their duty and at the same time avoid sacrifices. All our waiting to be holy, our pretended preparation, our distrust of our capacity, our procrastination, our going over the theory of virtue in the mind, come of the unwillingness to make at once the needful sacrifice, and to learn what ought immediately to be done, what ought immediately to be renounced. We are always intending to be religious. We must to this end learn more about the matter, but all our learning will avail us little without this knowledge, that there is and can be no religion

without sacrifices. There will be no season so convenient for the sluggard and the nerveless as to be without this constant necessity. God offers us all that is really desirable, and it is surely not a great thing that for His all, we must give up our all. The benefits of the Saviour's cross are frequently enough insisted upon, but we are not frequently enough or earnestly enough reminded, that to be benefited by the cross, we must ourselves bear a cross. Our Saviour's case is not to be regarded as an exception, on the contrary it strikingly illustrates a rule that has not a single exception.

Sometimes the thing to be crucified is one thing and sometimes another thing. Temperament, position in society, early habits, custom, determine the bosom sin, making it to be ambition, or avarice, or sensuality, or vanity, but whatever the particular form may be, the fundamental evil is one and the same, viz. an unwillingness to sacrifice what we unwisely love, even when it is clearly necessary. We say, if it were not for this or for that, I should live more according to truth. I am too rich or too poor — I am too prosperous or too dependent — I have formed so many bad habits, I am so ignorant, that I cannot live above the world. Now this always means, that a true life is impossible without sacrifices ; it means that since we cannot be righteous just as well as not, we will not be righteous at all ; it means that if we cannot help others without making ourselves poorer, or less popular, we will not help them at all. Many of us are comparatively at a stand, and the whole world is comparatively at a stand, because we have exhausted our willingness to endure. Persons who seem to make great account of the discovery, tell us that if society were only constituted thus and so, sacrifices would no longer be necessary : this may very properly be questioned, but let it be granted, and it does not alter the fact that we might at once by taking up the cross, make the most rapid advances. Religious anxiety does not so often as it should express itself in the inquiry what shall I sacrifice — what is there that I love and yet know to be wrong and in my way ?

It may seem to some that self-denial is not so uncommon. It may be thought that sacrifices have not been lacking, so much as judicious sacrifices, self-denial to some good purpose. But this misdirection is very often occasioned by a desire to

consult our own private wishes and tastes, to gratify a love of power or of display whilst we appear to be engaged in an act of self-renunciation. Thus in the Holy Wars which for so long a time called out the flower and strength of Europe to a conflict apparently unselfish, there was a sacrifice of bodily enjoyment, but a gratification of the spirit of warlike adventure. The citizen was sacrificed, but the soldier was indulged. So very much of our alms-giving and ministering of all sorts to the wants of others, is but an imperfect sacrifice, often indeed no sacrifice at all, indicating merely, it may be, that we prefer popularity or extended influence to wealth or comfort. Many persons are ready to do and suffer a little for others, to cast from their abundance into the common treasury — but so to do is not to make sacrifices — so to do is not to bear a cross, — they only afflict themselves with their Master, who give up what they need, what they cannot well do without, casting, if it is necessary, their all into the treasury of the Lord, holding all things, inward and outward possessions, every gift and joy of life, at His disposal. Willingness to endure pain for the sake of spiritual good — it is still the sign of a Christian.

But what avails it merely to know that these things are so? What avails it to know that sacrifices are essential, if we do not make them? I reply that it may answer a good purpose to call up in our own minds and in the minds of others, a distinct consciousness of this necessity — a clear understanding that under no circumstances are we to look for exemption from this appointment. Our better genius offers with one hand the cross, with the other all that is desirable. It is well I say to have this understood, for many persons indulge a vague hope that they shall by-and-bye be inspirited and aided to make sacrifices, so inspirited and aided that the joy will overbalance the pain. Or they mean to wait till their passions have spent their force, till this world has relaxed its hold upon them, till they are no longer tempted, before they will yield themselves implicitly to the will of God.

Now we shall never be able to pass from the depths of worldly-mindedness to the heights of heavenly-mindedness, from sensuality to spirituality without pain and death, without bearing the cross and being nailed upon it. And though the divine spirit were perfectly united with our spirits, though we

had become one with God as Jesus was one with Him, before we could make every needful sacrifice we should have occasion to cry out in our distress, 'If it be possible take this cup from me, spare me the bitterness of this trial.'

It is well to realize that there is no other way. You may wait and wait, but there is still the cross. You may intrench yourself behind formalities and creeds, but after all the cross still awaits you. You may change your clime, your dwelling, your circle of friends — but the cross is found always, everywhere and amongst all men. If you cannot suffer in the cause of truth, you are naught for moral and spiritual purposes, and you always will be. Let us see where we are, and upon what precise conditions we go forward. The knowledge will enable us to place the burden of evil upon those to whom it rightly belongs. It will show us how absolutely essential it is to endure hardness : and perhaps instead of mourning as we now do, over the various ills of life, we shall mourn over the effeminacy, and selfishness, and sensuality that will not be crucified, we shall see just what would save us, and just why we are not saved. Sacrifices will always be necessary and will always be sacrifices ; unless we voluntarily perform them the Scriptures cannot be fulfilled. We cannot make the cross otherwise than painful. It was, is, and ever shall be an instrument of torture, inflicting real pain, causing positive suffering, suffering that fills the eyes with tears and the mind with gloom. No degree of encouragement can take from the cross this character. Still, we may bring ourselves into a frame of mind to which the act of crucifixion, will not be altogether repugnant. The desire for health, the love of life, a craving for the satisfactions of social intercourse, a wish to go out freely and easily amongst the works of nature, to commune with her spirit and gaze upon her beauty, will often nerve even the most timid and shrinking to allow and undergo the most painful operations upon the bodily frame. And surely in these Gospel times, there are ways and means through which there may be awakened in our hearts, these hearts that are omnipotent when awakened, a deep, unquenchable longing for spiritual freedom, for the soul's elevation, for that divine righteousness which includes every lovely moral quality, and hath the promise not only of the life which now is but of that

which is to come,—an unquenchable longing which may prevail against the pleadings of our lower nature, and lead us to consent, though hesitatingly and sadly, to its crucifixion. We shall apply ourselves with all diligence to the work of spiritual culture, if we remember that to this issue, so trying to flesh and blood, we must at last come. We must elevate ourselves to that point at which the cross is no longer altogether intolerable. And when we are called upon to choose between an unjustifiable escape and patient endurance, let us remember the words of the crucified — “How then shall the scriptures be fulfilled?”

PRAYER FOR YOUNG CHURCH MEMBERS.

Who will come up to the help of the Lord? to the help of the Lord against the mighty?

JEHOVAH! by thy covenant
With all thy people made,
We come to ask thee that our hearts
Upon thy truth be stayed:
Ere entering on the battle-field,
In struggle stern of life,
We ask thee for thy glory's sake
Be with us in the strife.

Thy aged servants' place to fill
Who've fallen in the fight
We come in weakness and in strength
To battle for the right.
In weakness of our own we come,
Be thou our shield from harm;
In strength of thine; increase that strength
By thy almighty arm.

Oh strengthen thou our purposes
To struggle and to be.
May all our thoughts, and words, and works,
Be sacred still to thee.

Give us the force to will, to work,
No suffering to shun,
And by our efforts, Lord of Hosts,
Oh let thy will be done.

When in the dark and lonely night
We watch the coming day,
Be thou our buttress and defence,
Our refuge and our stay.
Oh help us to be vigilant
Lest foes should enter in,
And teach our eyes to apprehend
The first approach of sin.

Defend us in the battle hour,
And make our weapons strong
Against thy foes, thy kingdom's foes,
Oppression, sin and wrong.
Hold up our hands, confirm our hearts,
Shew all our duties clear,
Permit not any single heart
Either to sleep or fear.

By thine own self whom we adore,
And by thy mighty power,
By our great captain gone before,
Be with us in this hour.
By all thy faithful followers,
Within whose ranks we stand,
Vouchsafe, oh God — oh Lord of Hosts —
To guide, and to command.

Jehovah ! by thy covenant
With all thy people made,
We ask that all our feeble hearts
Upon thyself be stayed.
Oh may our wills, our fears and hopes,
Be fixed upon thy word,
And we go up, in steadfast strength
To battle for the Lord.

LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.

FAUSTUS SOCINUS.

BY REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD.

MODERN Unitarianism dates from the time, when all present denominations began — the rise of the Protestant Reformation, and can claim as great antiquity as any Protestant sects. How prominent its doctrine of the Godhead stood in the primitive ages of Christianity, it is not our present purpose to show. The first prominent Unitarian since the Reformation was a friend of Luther and Melanthon — Cellarius, a learned and devoted German, who after suffering imprisonment in his own country for his opinions escaped to Switzerland, and in the free atmosphere of Basle died there the year of Calvin's death, 1564. Time would fail me to describe the lives, labors, sufferings and achievements of the various early Unitarian confessors. We must pass by Hetzer, Deukius, Campanus, Gentilis, Pastor, Claudius and others; and be content to treat principally of one man whose name is usually identified with modern Unitarianism. Before we enter upon the subject, let us bear in mind that he did not begin the movement which he guided, nor are those who agree with him in his leading doctrine of the strict unity of God, by any means accountable for all his opinions, or disposed to call themselves by his name.

The year 1546 shall be our starting point for the sake of distinctness — the very year of Luther's death. We turn from his death-bed in his native village, and look towards Italy, then fully awakened to the threatening power of the Reformation. Rome is aroused from her torpor — Loyola is at his post in the van of his invincibles — Caraffa too was at his post at the head of the new inquisitors, whose office it was to hunt out heretics. It had long been whispered about that the deadly heresy which denies that there is a trinity of persons in the Godhead, had appeared within the very states of the Pope, and soon the whisper grew into open assertion. The heretics were found to have their head-quarters at Vicenza, a city within the territory of Venice, and to comprise some of the most distinguished and gifted men of Italy. The

anathema went forth — the innovators were proscribed — three were arrested, of whom one died in prison and two were put to death at Venice, whilst the remainder succeeded in effecting their escape. Among the fugitives the most noted was Lælius Socinus, a native of Sienna, Tuscany, of a noble Italian family. He who had in his veins the blood of popes and princes, proved the strength of his principles by quitting his native country and preferring the bracing air of free Switzerland to the gentler skies of priest-ridden Italy. He devoted himself thenceforth to the study of divinity and the promulgation of Unitarian opinions, and after going upon missions to France, Holland, Germany and Poland, he died aged only thirty-seven at Zurich, Switzerland, in 1562. The inheritance of his good name and great labors fell to one destined to use them with far greater effect than he. At the time of the exile of Lælius Socinus, his nephew Faustus was a boy of eight years, living at Sienna, that city of Tuscany so remarkable for historical associations, and so rich in mountainous scenery. The boy had rambled among the hills, surveying many a time the landscape so fair with the vineyard, the olive-grove and the grain-field, and had undoubtedly heard from his father who was a distinguished scholar and afterwards professor of law, the history of the old Italian republics, and learned to desire a larger measure of liberty than papal Rome now afforded. How far he was acted upon by the event of his uncle's exile and the opinions which caused it, we do not know. Yet it is very obvious that ere long he was much under his uncle's influence, looked to him for the counsel which the early death of his own parents forbade his receiving at home. Until the age of twenty, his education was directed chiefly to the study of the law, and was by no means of a very exalted character. After a voluntary absence of three years at Lyons, France — a visit closed by his uncle's decease, Faustus returned to Italy and passed the twelve subsequent years at the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany in high favor and the most honorable employments. But obviously influences were at work within him that gave him little relish for the honors and pleasures so freely within his reach. His whole family had for a long while inclined to serious thought and earnest convictions. His uncle's memory never left him. The image of that mo-

dest, prudent, high-minded, learned and devoted benefactor haunted him. His own soul yearned for a life more rational and spiritual than the court allowed or the church prescribed. He felt that the best part of his life was wasting away without yielding him any progress in the knowledge and virtue which he most dearly prized. He felt that far more should be expected of him than to be the gay cavalier of the ducal palace, or the listless attendant upon papal ceremonials. What effect his knowledge of the Romish movements against the Reformation, the measures in progress to arrest the advance of liberal views, had upon him, we are not told, but may readily conjecture. His oldest biographer, in a work of which the English translation is dated in 1653, thus describes the grounds of Socinus' determination to leave Italy for a freer soil at the age of thirty-five : "About the close of that time, his heart was touched with a serious deliberation, concerning the choice of good things ; which he performed with such greatness of mind, that he determined for the hope of heavenly things to trample under foot all the commodities of earthly wishes ; wherefore without delay, despairing to obtain from the extremely unwilling princes leave to depart, he of his own accord forsook his country, friends, hopes and riches, that he might the more freely employ himself about his own and other men's salvation." He turned his back upon the splendors of Florence, and passed the following three years at Basle, Switzerland, that city which is still the asylum of the oppressed, and which in our own day has given a home to Follen and De Wette, as it did of old to the freer spirits among the early reformers. Here he devoted himself earnestly to the study of theology, was confirmed in his Unitarian opinions, and asserted them without reserve and without fear. With his student life at Basle we may consider his preparation as ended and his active work as ensuing.

He had already won such reputation by his book on the Saviour, that he was sent for by the leading Unitarians of Transylvania to help them in some controversial difficulties which had arisen among them. He used his influence to check the disposition of a portion of the Unitarian body to give up invoking the name of Christ, and earnestly claimed for the Saviour the honors of solemn invocation. His stay

was short, and he had no part in the persecutions of the offending heretics, which are sometimes ascribed to him. The odium of imprisoning Francis David belongs to the prince of Transylvania and an influential physician, Blandrata, who afterwards fell into general contempt. Socinus passed into Poland, then the stronghold of Unitarianism, and from the year 1579 devoted himself wholly to its defence. The Polish government had been for some time distinguished for its toleration, and consequently attracted towards itself fugitives of every order who had been driven from their own land on account of their opinions. Among them were several prominent Unitarians, by whose influence large numbers especially of the more intelligent classes had been converted to the Unitarian faith. At first all Protestant Christians worshipped freely together, and for about twenty years Unitarians and Trinitarians had entire fellowship. But about fourteen years before Faustus Socinus visited Poland, the division had taken place and Unitarians were a distinct denomination and quite a numerous one.

Upon his arrival, he declared his opinions and presented himself for admission to the fellowship of the churches. As soon as it was found that in some points he differed from the prevailing Unitarian views, and went somewhat farther than they did, he was received very coldly and looked upon with suspicion. He proved how much more he cared for the interests of truth than the irritations of self-love by remaining among those who had so roughly repulsed him and devoting himself to the correction of their errors. He battled manfully against ancient superstitions and new-light radicalism, and of course met with opposition on each hand. Complaint being lodged against him before the civil power for publishing certain views of magistracy, he withdrew from the capital city of Cracovia, and established himself at a place a few miles distant in the country, preferring to avail himself of a friendly man's hospitality and defend himself with his pen under the protection of a noble name, than to declare his grievances within the unsympathizing walls of a prison. His quiet life there devoted to study and composition and solaced by a happy marriage with his patron's daughter, was a bright interval in the exile's history and promised to put a new aspect upon his

career. But this promise soon proved baseless ; his wife died ; his Italian estate that had thus far given him a considerable income were confiscated by his popish foes upon the death of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Widowed, sick, impoverished, Socinus must now show whether he has been dallying with Christianity in the dainty spirit of a scholar's curiosity or has within him a deep faith that can move him to heroic labors.

Misfortune does not daunt him. The Italian exile, with his daughter Agnes at his side, returned to the Polish capital to contend yet more strenuously for his faith. A spirit like his could not be resisted. He made many important conversions, and not a few whom he could not win over to his doctrines, he won to mutual charity and forbearance. His cause grew rapidly, and in the course of ten years he had proof of his success in the desperate persecution which he experienced. Upon the publication of his book concerning the Saviour, his enemies stirred up the mob to make an assault upon his person. On the verge of his sixtieth year, after a life of singular gentleness and purity, he was dragged from his chamber, where he had been resting a few days for the renovation of his health, was carried in a shameful manner through the principal streets amid furious clamors for his execution. But he was not to perish thus, although papers—the work of years and which, he declared, were dear to him as life, were destroyed. He was rescued by friendly hands, sought shelter in a quiet village nine miles distant, and there with his pen exercised a commanding influence over the churches. The remaining six years of his life appear to have been passed in peaceful thought and composition. The cause dearest to him prospered as never before, and the evening of his troubled day was unclouded. He died at the age of sixty-five. At the opening of spring he breathed his last in that northern climate so little congenial with his Italian temperament, evincing on his death-bed a spirit at peace with God and his neighbor, not forgetful indeed of past trials, but looking upon them all in the light of a cheerful hope. His last words were these :—“ No less full of envy and trouble than of days, I do with a joyful and undaunted hope, incline to the period of my appointed time, which is both a discharge of sorrow and a reward of labor.”

He died in the year 1604, sixteen years before the Pilgrim fathers landed on Pilgrim rock. Upon his tomb, a Latin epitaph was written to this effect :

“Luther destroyed the roofs of Babylon,
Calvin the walls, but Socinus the foundations.”

How far can we agree with the language of this epitaph? What judgment shall we pass upon this Unitarian Reformer, his character, his doctrines, and his influence?

His character is very easily portrayed, for in respect to this, there is no wide difference between his friends and his foes. All candid persons are ready to allow that he was a conscientious, benevolent and devoted man. In regard to religious disposition, it is equally obvious that he was a man of great piety, living in a constant sense of responsibility to God and an earnest faith in Christ as the Messiah from God and bringer of peace and salvation. Yet his religious character was more distinguished for conscientious fidelity and sober thought than rapturous emotion or mystical sentiment. His habitual spirit was such as would give him small honor in a Catholic retreat or a Protestant revival meeting. Men, like the impassioned Luther, the mystical Swedenborg, the ecstatic Wesley, would find much fault with a character so acute, careful, and inquiring as his. In some traits that give the heart power and enlargement he was unquestionably deficient. His Christian character was far more after the standard of the ethical James than the contemplative John. But in an age of great fanaticism, let it be remembered to his immortal honor, that he ever earnestly insisted upon the practical principles of Christianity, and if he did not soar so high as some of his contemporaries into the mysteries of the divine life, he never like too many of them, forgot plain duty in enraptured trances, nor despised good works in the ecstacies of impassioned feeling.

In respect to intellect, Socinus may be placed without doubt among the gifted men of our race. Yet we by no means claim for him so high a place as belongs to some of his successors. He was more a man of elaborate argument than of ready insight. He belongs to the Aristotelian rather than to the Platonic class of minds. He was the careful commentator and

logical theologian rather than the profound philosopher or the intuitive seer. In mind though not in heart, he had far more affinity with the acute Calvin than with the impassioned Luther. He differed much from his Unitarian brethren of the present day in his estimate of the province of reason and imagination in the sphere of religion, whilst he rejected, as they do, the dogma of the unqualified depravity of human nature. He distrusted ceremonial worship and heated enthusiasm so far as sometimes to carry him into an opposite extreme. Yet who will wonder that a man who had passed so many years among Christians apt to forget in the pageantry of the altar the first principles of goodness, and who had afterwards in his exile seen such sad instances of the shipwreck of conscience under the pretended fervors of faith,—who will wonder, we ask, that such a man should insist so much upon practical obedience to the law of Christ as the only ground of safety, and be sometimes in danger of slighting too much the claims of devotional feeling? Yet his creed was not, as is so often said, a code of mere morality. Christ was its cornerstone, and to him Christ was the name before which every knee should bow.

As a practical man, Socinus was laborious, discreet, persevering, efficient, and in the end successful. Two folios of commentaries and treatises attest the industry of his pen, and a large community of Christians who had been instructed and harmonized by him, proved at his death that his labor had not been in vain.

In personal appearance he was, according to his Polish biographer, "of a form answering to his disposition, being of such a stature as exceeded not the just size, yet was nearer to tallness. The habit of his body was somewhat slender yet within measure; in his countenance the dignity of his high forehead and masculine beauty of his eyes did cast a glance. Nor did the comeliness and grace of his look diminish the vigor and majesty thereof. There was a marvellous simplicity in his manners which was so tempered with gravity, that he was free from all superciliousness. Whence it came to pass that you would sooner reverence than fear him. Nevertheless he did so break and tame his choleric temper, that the mildness

which did afterwards shine forth in him seemed to very many to be the praise of nature not of industry."

We are willing to close our estimate of his character by a passage from an author who has written in opposition to his doctrines. "Such and so considerable a man," says Ashwell, "was the author and patron of this sect. All those qualities that excite the admiration and attract the regards of men met in him: that as it were with a charm, he bewitched all who conversed with him and left on their minds strong impressions of wonder and affection towards him. He so excelled in fine parts and in lofty genius, such were the strength of his reasonings and the power of his eloquence, he displayed in the sight of all so many distinguished virtues, which he either professed or counterfeited in an extraordinary degree, that he appeared formed to engage the attention of all mankind; and it is not in the least surprising that he deceived great numbers and drew them over to his party. So what Augustine said of Faustus Manichæus may not be improperly applied to Faustus Socinus, 'Magnum Diaboli Laqueum, the Devil's great Decoy.' " When an opponent speaks thus of our early Unitarian brother, we are content to make no reply, for such blame is the best praise. No greater eulogy can be bestowed upon a man by his antagonist than to declare that his gifts and virtues were so great, that the only way of accounting for them is to ascribe them to the instigation of the devil—to grant the attributes of goodness and yet call them only the shining garments in which Satan enrobes his minions. Would that such garments were more common, and the radiance of them so great that only theological asperity could fail to see in them the brightness of heaven's own raiment.

Such was Socinus in life and character. At some future time, we may speak of his doctrines and their influence.

THE FASHION OF THE WORLD, AND THE WILL OF GOD.

A NEW YEAR'S SERMON, BY REV. H. W. BELLows.

1 CORINTHIANS viii. 31. For the fashion of this world passeth away.

1 JOHN ii. 17. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.

"THE fashion of this world passeth away." The mutability of human affairs is ever an affecting contemplation. No experience wears off the impressiveness of this fact, or fully prepares us for the consequences of it. Every new exemplification startles us as if it were the communication of a strange principle in mortal condition. It is indeed a benevolent provision of Heaven that we do not and shall not realize habitually the uncertainty of our dearest possessions. It would defeat the very design of the divine bounty, if its blessings were received with a full and abiding sense of their precariousness. Might we not reckon, even beyond the confidence which the retrospect of life justifies, upon the permanency of our most important possessions, it seems as if the spur and zest of life would depart. Besides, it would be unjust and ungrateful, and contributing to a false view of life, not to acknowledge, amid the instability of our lot, a large and encouraging amount of certainty. Thus human life is at any period uncertain, and yet the natural term of life is three-score years and ten; and of those who reach years when questions of this sort press at all upon them, the majority may justly, as they inevitably will, expect to live out the appointed span. In ordinary experience, the changes of life are foreseen and expected. There is a career through which the mass of human beings passes, which though marked by great variety and perpetual change, yet glides from one phase to another without agitation or shock. As life doubtless has an end of its own, independent of its relations to any future period, it would indeed be very strange if its vicissitudes were of such a character and extent as to frus-

trate all human happiness here. There are cases, unquestionably, exceptions to the general rule, on whom the disappointments and changes of human condition fall so disproportionately, in such succession, and with such terrible circumstances, as to cloud over and blast all enjoyment of this life. There are peculiar temperaments that cannot heal up the wounds of misfortune, or recover from the shock of bereavement. And there are trials incident to human condition, though rare, which life is not long enough to forget, or the human heart stout enough to endure. Who can sustain the discovery of the hollowness and baseness, and bear the branded infamy of a trusted, honored and exalted friend, father or husband ? Then as to bereavement, who can see his family, a happy and a growing circle, one by one in rapid succession sink into the jaws of the grave and leave him solitary and desolate, and yet continue able to think the world a happy and a cheerful spot ? We must not press our theories too far. Doubtless, and let God be thanked, the ordinary lot, when it is innocent or virtuous, is, despite all the exigencies and changes of life, a happy one, and not more disturbed or invaded than is well for it. But there are trials which come upon the heads of the innocent and the pious, which require hearts more or less than human to bear them without breaking.

What are we to say, when our nearest and dearest friends, with whose reputation our own is inextricably linked and in whom our affections and happiness are treasured up, commit some dreadful act of vice or crime, exposing them to the righteous punishment of the laws and the scorn of the world ? What wife can bear the degradation and headlong fall of her husband ? What husband the more terrible lapse and ruin of his wife ; what daughter the shame of her parent ; what parent the abandonment of his child ! And the more virtuous and pious, the more sensitive the heart is to these horrible, crushing afflictions. Can Heaven expect its children to be cheerful under such terrible dispensations—dispensations which we have not even the comfort of ascribing to the will of God ? There are trials which no faithfulness can avert ; which may fall upon the most innocent and heavenly-minded. There is no comfort for such, but in what then becomes the cheering thought that “the world passeth away.”

And may we not earnestly pray to be preserved even from wounds to our affections, such as sometimes fall with sudden, fatal stroke upon human hearts? Who is to speak words of comfort; what are the themes of consolation when the childless wife is robbed, in middle life, of her husband, sole solace, support, companion, friend; whose place the whole world cannot supply, and for one hour of whose society the remnant of life would gladly be forfeited; or when the hopes and imaginations of feverish youth, cherishing in secret patience the great desire that spurs its efforts, have at length consummated their aim that long seemed too blessed ever to be realized, who is to bring balm for the wounded heart when in one short year he opens his widowed arms and marries to the grave the young wife of his bosom?

Have we not all wept over the casualty so marked in all its circumstances that poetry could never frame a more moving or melancholy tale, which within a few days has brought one household of our city under trial heavier than human hearts can bear? An only child, the object of unspeakable and singular love and devotion to parents and relatives, the unspoiled idol of a large circle of youth, who admired her accomplishments and loved her temper, an only daughter, is returning on her birth-night from festivities that celebrate her opening womanhood. Attended by her father, who leaves her for an instant to set down a friend almost within sight of her own door, she waits alone the momentary separation and delay. Alas! she is to see him no more, or to pass that threshold alive. She throws herself in sudden fright from the carriage which has unexpectedly and violently started, and is taken up, in a moment more, a senseless corpse. An instant's flight and there she lies, in all the flush and beauty of her virgin youth, clad in the appropriate garments of festivity, and over her breathless form hang those parents, bereft in an instant of all that made toil tolerable and the future alluring; the sole object of their anxieties, their hopes and their efforts—dead, dead, irrecoverably gone forever. Oh speak not of time's healing hand to wounds like this. The only thought that can soothe at the moment is that "the world passeth away."

Yes, "the fashion of this world passeth away." The mutability of all earthly interests and possessions has its painful

and melancholy aspect. Youth and beauty pass away, health and strength, the buoyant hopes and fond imaginations of life's spring time, the innocence of childhood, the confiding heart of youth, all pass away. Nothing "continueth in one stay." We are ashamed to be as happy as we are after changes have occurred which we could not once contemplate without dismay and wretchedness. "So changed," is the thought that presses itself still upon us, as we look upon the faces of the friends of our youth long absent from us, or revisit the distant scenes of our early life, or consider ourselves and our condition by "the light of other days." But there is a cheerful and sustaining aspect of this law. "The fashion of this world passeth away." How often are life's changes for the better and not the worse. How much that was sad and otherwise hopeless, has the great law of change remedied! How many friends have we overtaken, as well as left behind upon this uncertain journey? Into how many circumstances of pleasure and profit has the shifting scene of life introduced us! Is not variety some equivalent for mutability? Are not the prizes in this great lottery of Providence some compensation for its uncertainties? If we will think but for a moment what life is, and to what end, we shall see that change is its most benevolent law. All the vicissitudes and exigencies of life are designed to excite or develop and exercise the manifold nature which God has given us. We are made to pass through all experiences, joyous and grievous, and to stand in all varieties of condition, that our souls may not settle into torpor, or fail of activity and growth. The traveller who visits distant lands for amusement or pleasure, does not take up his permanent residence at the first beautiful spot he reaches, nor diverge greatly from his route to keep the company of friends, however agreeable, with whom he has fallen in. He pursues his way, through weary wastes that connect his points of interest. He scales the rocky precipice, and sleeps upon the snow-clad mountain—he is speedily gone where the mountain-top cannot see him. Labor and rest, nature and art, solitude and society, heat and cold, homesickness, and strange delight,—all these changes make up his experiences, and he voluntarily submits himself to them, that he may see the world. The desert does not dismay him if it lead to Horeb and Sinai, and

the hardships and perils of the wilderness form an appropriate introduction to the Holy Land. So Providence would show its children a stranger world than outward eye ever saw, the world within, the spiritual world ; the world of mind, of passion, of feeling. And therefore it conducts its pupil through all those varied experiences of the heart, through disappointment, misfortune, prosperity, union, separation, friendship kept and broken, love now secure and now invaded, sickness and health, youth and age. Our life is a great progress, and though it lead through gloomy valleys as well as over sunny hills, amid the tombs as well as through the pleasant gardens, yet the journey advances. And moreover as the traveller though further away in distance, is nearer home in time, every moment of his thitherward wanderings — so the journey of life tends, be the direction what it may, ever homeward.

But again. Is not this mutability the only thing that reconciles us to the woes and wretchedness of the world ? There is nothing permanent in them ; they too are passing away. Along with something that is good, much that is evil is changing in the condition of society. The oppressions and wrongs of customs and institutions feel the benignant power of change. Public sentiment changes. Powerful and oppressive dynasties die in the persons of vigorous rulers. States are revolutionized ; laws become equal ; the suffering people rise. There is hope in the future for every evil. Time with its ponderous revolutions will remove every obstruction, will ease the mighty friction that now stops the great wheel of reform. The great interests of man thrive upon the misfortunes of particular eras. The wars that desolate one age give peace to many. The chaos into which society is thrown allows a new and more benignant formation. Better the greatest temporary suffering than the least permanent evil. And therefore God is no conservatist. Change is inscribed upon all the imperfections of our civil and political institutions, because they are not conformed to the spirit of humanity. Revolution upon revolution, war upon war, chaos upon chaos must ensue, until the great wrongs and follies of the world are thrown out of its circulation. See the perils of foreign war, of disunion, of civil strife, of servile war, which threaten to grow out of slavery ! How else is that heinous

wrong to be righted, until it produces its proper fruits, and medicines with their bitterness the torpid conscience of the world? If Christian sentiment, if good sense, if humanity does not arouse this people to a sense of its criminality, the scourge of war will be the whip with which Providence will discipline us into obedience. And who can wish that the country may settle down into peace and contentment with this canker in its heart? Let us rather rejoice at every outward sign of its baleful presence and at every public demonstration of its terrific nature; for this is the only hope of any speedy deliverance. I fear that our only prospect is in that peace which follows confusion and revolution.

Ah! beneficent change! It is the law of progress and of life. It is the eternal strife of good with evil. The fashion of this world passeth away, because it is an evil fashion. The process of change, it is true, involves something of the good in its demolition of evil; but there is and ever has been a growing ascendancy of the good, and what is wholly good becomes permanent. How will a good institution survive the revolutions that involve every thing else in destruction? See through what perils and through what hands the Sabbath and Christian rites and the Sacred Books have come down to us. These do not change. See how Home ever grows in sanctity and security; how asylums for the miserable and unfortunate, the insane, the deaf and dumb arise; how every form of benevolent action survives the strifes of party and the contentions of sect! See how free institutions and popular rights ever gain upon the greed and prejudice of prescriptive privilege and birth-right power! See how the common school spreads and spreads its blessed circle of light and happiness. God increase the gracious instability of every high thing that doth oppose these messengers of mercy and heralds of peace! Let nothing but truth and righteousness, the right and the good be permanent. And these do evince an indestructible life. The fashion of this world passeth away. Let it pass, while it carrieth with it so much folly and wrong, so much imperfection and wretchedness. God quicken the tide which undermines and washes away institutions and customs which human power cannot successfully remove. We ourselves have seen some evil fashions pass away—the fashion of intemperance,

the fashion of treating the insane like criminals, the fashion of despising labor. And some are just beginning to pass—duelling, and persecution for opinion's sake, and indifference to the claims of the poor and ignorant. Let us thank God that we live in a world of change — that the fashion of this world passeth away.

My friends, what is good and true and desirable in our condition belongs not more to this world than to the other. Virtue and charity, peace and happiness, are ultimate results of the divine government ; and they, whether reached here or elsewhere, will remain, for the word of God abideth forever.

But to return to our experience as individuals. There is much to reconcile us even to what is most painful in the law of change. We have all gained more than we have lost by it. Besides that change is oftener an improvement than a deterioration of our condition — a change to better things — even those forms of it which are peculiarly trying and afflictive are among the most profitable experiences to which we are subjected. The strength and resources of the soul are never brought out except by trial. Our affections grow on sorrow. The loss of one friend makes all others dearer. Our griefs draw the sympathies of the world to us, and our most profitable and dearest friendships are apt to date from the time of some dreadful affliction. It is, too, by these wounds that worldliness finds its outlet from the heart, and the delusions and shows of this life betray themselves in the severe and chaste light of sorrow. What teaches us the state of our own hearts, the affluence of our resources or their poverty, the chaotic or the orderly condition of our principles ; what makes us feel our needs so much, or rejoice in our supplies as the striking away of those circumstantial supports which have held us up without effort of our own ? We are nothing till we can stand alone ; till, God helping us, we are sufficient to ourselves. There must be self-respect, an inward life, a sense of devotion to things great and good ; there must be some satisfactory solution of the mystery of life, and a willing and glad acceptance of the great vocation to which God calls us, before we are any thing. And this most men learn through much tribulation. We learn by disappoint-

ment, by bereavement, by solitude and isolation, that we must find a friend in our heart ; that our nature and character deserve the first attention. And to learn this well, is worth all that it costs, though the price be all that is most dear. If Christianity be not all a fraud, if the soul be not a fanciful existence, if immortality be not a dream, if God be not a phantom, then principle, duty, virtue, moral excellence, inward growth are the great realities. These we must get at any cost. We must learn their existence and awake to their value though every thing that heart loves or passion craves or understanding comprehends, be sacrificed. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away, till all is fulfilled. Let us think nothing hard that awakens our consciences; nothing unfortunate that exalts our conceptions of life; nothing strange that sets us upon the true track of existence. Let there be no stability in those circumstances which fortify us in worldliness and selfishness ! Let there be no permanency to those connexions which narrow our affections and shut out the claims of our fellow men ! Let there be no fixedness which allows us to sleep upon our post. God defend us from that prosperity and pleasant monotony of condition which allows no change in our characters, no improvement, no exaltation to our souls. The fashion of this world passeth away. Let it pass; let domestic happiness, let business prosperity, let health, let youth, let our children and friends pass away, so they all leave us awakened and alive, more heavenly-minded, more persuaded of the objects for which we live.

But lastly, the fashion of this world passeth away. Thank God that it does. Were change any where to stop, what reparation could be found for the melancholy changes that have already occurred ? Change must repair her own wrongs. Were the friends that we love to grow old and we ever to remain young ; were our generation to die and we to lag behind to inherit earthly immortality, or were we never destined to escape this changing world it were indeed sad, too sad to bear. When God appointed our time, he knew how long human patience could endure a scene of so much and so constant vicissitude, and therefore he made it short. Thank God for that.

We find in the promise and hope of the great change, our only wholly sufficient support and encouragement under the other changes of life. We are passing away, passing through the gates of the grave beyond the reach of death forever. We are passing away, to regain the friends of our youth and rejoin the broken circle of home affections. We are passing away from the solitude which Time's fatal arrows have created about us, to stand again in the full ranks in which we began our march.

"I would not live alway." More blessed than sleep to the weary is death to the believing spirit after life's fitful fever. The very detail of life becomes monotonous and tedious. This exacting tenement of clay becomes a body of death, of whose care we weary, and of whose encumbrance we would eagerly free ourselves. Nature too, after a certain period imposes a sort of stop if not decline upon the mental faculties, through the connexion of the soul with the body, which grieves its free and upward spirit and makes it long for release. To feel as many do, that in their core they are as young as ever, their hope as fresh, their affections as overflowing, their interest as wide, and yet to be hampered and bound down by bodily debility and decay of senses, and as it were crowded from the course by more alert and vigorous travellers, this is enough to reconcile, one would think, to the thought of "passing away."

And again, is there not in our deepest hearts a conviction, which virtue and experience perpetually nourish, that this imperfect state is to be followed by a more congenial, satisfying and propitious abode? Where have we transferred the blissful hopes of our youth? Whither do the dreams of our fervent imaginations fly? Have we not postponed, rather than abandoned our brilliant anticipations? Experience has chilled but not destroyed our hope. Are we not longing and with confidence for such a condition as our capacities of happiness seem to predict, and which the omnipotence and love of Heaven can assuredly, ay, and will certainly furnish? Blessed then be the angel of Death. Not without satisfaction may we see the seeds of mortality planted in our bodies and blossoming for the grave. We are passing away from the scene of disappointed hopes and unsatisfied desires — from a

theatre of much imperfection and trouble — from a place of parting and tears. We are passing away from many dark and perplexing problems, from much social wrong and many threatening prospects. We are passing away from a place of long and weary exile from those who early left us to pursue our journey alone. We are passing away, to enter upon a new and higher life, to assume a more perfect medium of existence, to be submitted to higher modes of culture and to participate in purer pleasures. We are passing into a world of light and life. Let us then not murmur at this changing world which finally terminates in so glorious a change. And let us rejoice that the vision is not a baseless fabric, the false coining of unfounded hopes ; but that we have the more sure word of prophecy, the testimony of God's own Son for its support. He went before us in every dark experience of this mutable world ; but he went before us also in a resurrection from the dead and an ascension into heaven. Let the world pass away then, and let the fashion of it perish, since "he that doeth the will of God abideth forever" ; for "though our earthly house of this tabernacle decay, we have a building of God, an House not made with hands, eternal in the heavens ; and it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which he hath there prepared for them that love him." " Seeing then, that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of the Lord, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved and the elements shall melt with fervent heat ? Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for a new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Wherefore, beloved, seeing ye look for such things, be diligent that ye be found of him in peace, without spot and blameless."

1845.

LETTER FROM AN OCTOGENARIAN LADY.

AND so, my dear Caroline, you are appalled by the thought of bringing up five boys ; and you think your old grandmother, who trained up eight, ever so many years ago, may give you some useful advice. I doubt whether I can. My sons turned out well, it is true ; I do not mean that they have been prospered in the worldly sense of the term, for some have been rich and some poor. But they have each proved good Christians and useful men : and my anxieties for them were over long ago. But not to myself can I take much credit ; at least, I know of nothing in my own course with them which you will not be likely to adopt without suggestion from me.

Do not vex yourself too much about theories and plans. There can be nothing like an arbitrary system of rules for educating children. It is well to read somewhat on the subject, to consult the experienced, to observe well what is going on in other families ; because in these ways you can obtain many useful hints. The knowledge of human nature is too valuable to be bestowed on us without study. But after all your investigations, you can but work up the suggestions you receive, according to your own light. So various are the materials given to various parents to work upon, that receipts how to make good children, precise as cookery-book receipts, are out of the question ; — though some young mothers would be glad to find them.

No. A judicious, conscientious woman will usually perform her maternal duties well and successfully. So you see self-training is the first business. Those who fail in training their children, are generally deficient in judgment or conscientiousness. Ascertain in which of these you are most weak, and cultivate it. That which is usually lacking is the perfect conscientiousness, which enables a woman to practise self-denial and self-control every day, almost every hour of her life. This the good mother *must* do.

You ask about my plans with *my* children, fifty years ago ! My dear, just consider into what a different world they were born ! I will not creak, as might seem fitting for an old lady

of eighty, about the sad changes and terrible degeneracy of these latter days. But I will just remind you that all the customs of society, in-doors and out, at church, in business life, in amusements, in the household, are seriously modified within the last fifty years. Restrictions which were wisely enough laid upon my boys, would be preposterous applied to yours. Liberties which mine could be safely allowed would be dangerous for yours. I think on the whole that temptations and difficulties have not merely changed their forms but have increased in number, seductiveness and power. Few who remember the state of society even forty years ago will dispute that, perhaps—and yet it may be only an old woman's thought. —

You will not find the same materials given even in the children of one family. Your work of study never ceases. Be as much *with* your children as you can. A woman's home is her proper place for this reason above all others. There come her children from school, from work, from play, and in the unguardedness of childhood and youth, their hearts are open to her inspection. All unconscious of it, they betray to her careful eye the workings of impulses and motives which will by-and-bye become *character*. She can do nothing for them if she is ignorant of their inner world. If her heart is given to the task, she can be familiar with the springs of action in each child, learn what motives have most power with each, to what temptations each will be most apt to yield. She will perceive that different influences wait on each separate soul; an awfully complicated thought to *human* understanding! to God alone is it simple, and he readeth millions of souls at a glance. To her one family is confided; and however numerous it may be, the laws by which each spirit works must be examined by her. Let her not despair. If she is faithful, she will understand these young creatures better than they do themselves, and find ways to help them even after they have approached that dangerous age of one-and-twenty; when an excessive self-reliance is so apt to swallow up many better feelings.

These remarks are very general. And I remember in my younger days it was quite unsatisfactory to me, after I had applied for advice about matters that really perplexed me, to

be put off with vague answers and general statements. Principles are more easily gathered together and understood, than the modes of applying them. That is what puzzles us when entering a difficult field of duty. An impulsive young woman said to me last week, "I usually know what I ought to do; but neither minister, nor layman, nor lay-woman will tell me how to do it." She was not a young person of profound thought, certainly; but her complaint was a common one, especially among those who are impatient of thought.

And so I will speak to you of one point in the education of boys which has seemed to me neglected by many excellent mothers. Something specific I will mention, the fruit of so many years of observation.

It is common to take into consideration the fact that girls will probably become wives and mothers, when we treat of their preparation for life. They have no public life, and few out-door duties for which they are to be qualified; and *nominally*, at least, they are educated for the position they are to assume in the world. A right-minded woman aims to fit her daughter thoroughly for a *domestic* life, in the largest and highest sense of the word. This is good. And boys are taught in a thousand ways that their sphere lies elsewhere, abroad, in business, in active pursuits, among men, or among books. And for this they are especially trained. This, too is good, according to my old-fashioned ideas; the constitution and natural gifts of the sexes indicate this division of labor; and should be consulted in the work of preparation for life.

But I do think it an error that a man's life abroad is regarded to the neglect of his home-life. There is in all systems of female education an avowed purpose of fitting woman to be a good wife; who endeavors especially to fit a boy to become a good husband?

A boy's relations to the other sex have never seemed to me to receive due attention. I suppose, of course, if his religious principles are strong and pervading they will influence him in every relation. It is a common and true saying, also, that a good son will make a good husband. But after all, I believe there might be more considerate husbands, attentive fathers, careful masters, and a much greater amount of domestic hap-

piness in the world, if this point received earlier and more thorough attention.

There is among good men no little exercise of domestic tyranny, direct or indirect. I doubt if many a young man does not early begin to sigh for a home, with a sort of vague feeling that there he shall be master. There he shall be able to give way to his feelings, whatever they may be, and no one shall be at liberty to rebuke. There he will have a right to demand sympathy, and the possibility of his demands not being met, because foolish or extravagant, never occurs to him. The future home is to him a future dominion, where he is to reign supreme—in short—do as he pleases. Abroad, he may expect through life to submit to restraints, to yield to the customs of society, and the rights of others. At home, he will do as he pleases, in all things great and small. I doubt if this be not the most fascinating thought of home in the minds of many, though they would hardly like to shape it distinctly.

The foundation of this terrible mistake is laid very early in life. Such being already the prevailing view, a boy naturally grows up into it, and expects to be what he sees his father, and the fathers of his boy-companions.

A judicious mother will take this point up early and distinctly. She will take care that her boy gives not a particle of unnecessary trouble to any female in the family. She will speak to him early with perfect frankness of his future relations in domestic life, just as naturally as of his professional life, or his duties as a citizen. She will guard him against that most common of boyish propensities, the hectoring and domineering over *sisters*. Upon this she will bring his religious principles to bear. She will insist upon his conforming to family regulations; requiring punctuality at meals, early rising, neatness in his person, a certain carefulness of clothes and of all that belongs to him particularly; and all this must be done understandingly and conscientiously, on his part. At the bottom of it must be the grand principle of *duty to the female part of the household*. To save their time and trouble, to assist them and contribute to their comfort in every possible way, should lie as habitually in his mind, as any other duty. Many a boy will be ashamed and grieved at having made a bad recitation; and the same boy will, in the pursuit of play, recklessly im-

pose on some woman the necessity of slaving over the needle two weary hours, which she ought to have given to more important tasks, or to sleep, or reading, or relaxation. For this he will feel no compunction. He has been brought up in the idea that this is woman's work, her duty, her necessity. He has nothing to do with it.

A woman in moderate circumstances, with a family growing up around her, leads almost the life of a beast of burden. She may love the burden, and bear it cheerfully; yet it will press upon her physical constitution, it will drain her energies, and exhaust her strength. In the meantime the intellect God has given her must be cramped by all this drudgery, and by want of time for reading. The point is, that some difference will be made to her by the habits of her husband and sons. They may make more or less demands upon her time. If they are absolutely anxious to save her as much as possible from unnecessary steps and exertions, they can bestow upon her many precious hours which she could not have obtained otherwise. Few women care for the labor or fatigue of waiting upon husband or sons—but time, time and health, they *ought* to consider; and these things men should consider for them.

If brought up in a wealthy family, boys are still more apt to regard the females of the household as destined only to serve them; and that therefore it is no matter how much they serve. Some who might possibly have felt a little tender-heartedness about wildly littering an apartment which a feeble sister must put in order, or recklessly tearing in sunder garments which a weary mother must repair, will never pause to consider the much-tried chambermaid or sempstress. The affluent mother has something to answer for, who indulges her son in this sort of selfish carelessness. The one rule should be in all circumstances, "Take as little of the time of others as you can, give as little trouble as you can." It is not the chambermaid or sempstress who suffers half so much, as your son does. You allow a defect in his character; a want of generous thoughtfulness, without which his Christianity is incomplete. It may become positive as well as negative, a positive selfishness; making him troublesome, exacting, overbearing, disagreeable in his future domestic relations. Be he

rich or poor, in after life, his character will suffer in this respect, and others will suffer from it.

One prejudice is almost universal among schoolboys. They detest the epithet "amiable," as applied to their own sex. They have connected with it such associations, that we cannot wonder at the feeling, especially when we consider how common among them are false notions of spirit. Those of them who have been tolerably educated have a sort of Sunday reverence for the name of Christ, and in church, at least, hear of his precepts; yet, like the grown-up world around them, never dream of practising what they hear. A boy who should actually attempt to imitate the character of Christ closely in his daily life, would be thought mad, foolish, or cowardly by half his schoolmates. Accustomed to make clear distinctions, few youth of fifteen can conceive that the highest nobleness, courage and true spirit can exist in a boy or man of the most amiable life. Yet such is the solemn fact, in the eye of God and the experience of man. It is a high conception. Place it before your boys, almost from the cradle. Make them so early familiar with it, that all the folly they may hear on the subject from untrained boys, and from men who seek to justify their own tempers, will never throw a cloud over the beautiful reality.

A youth so educated will not present that common spectacle of one who is a gentleman in society, and not a gentleman at home. The meaning of the term is forgotten.

Oh, how many cutting speeches and blunt contradictions are uttered to a wife, how many unkind sarcasms thrown out to annoy a maiden sister, how much fault harshly and rudely found with a female domestic, by lips that breathe only courtesy to every female that dwells not under the same roof!—Is not this strange? These are the women to whom a man is especially indebted for the comforts of his home, and they are the very ones whom he habitually pains and insults.

My dear grand-daughter, I would have you tell your sons distinctly that you are anxious to qualify them to fulfil all domestic relations as well as all public ones. It is probable that much of their happiness may depend on woman, and woman upon them. Constituted as society is among us, the institution of the family touches a man nearly; he is surrounded

by its influences ; married or single, he comes continually into association with woman ; in health, or in sickness, it is her hand that ministers to his wants. Warn your son earnestly against all that can make him a domestic tyrant or torment. Indolence, caprice, or thoughtlessness may make him the latter, if he have no tendency to become the former.

The woman your son marries will become your daughter. Already you may indulge a motherly interest in her happiness, though as yet her name and very existence are a blank in his childish imaginations. When that playful boy by your side shall hereafter summon you to bless him, as he takes an affectionate young creature's life into his keeping, may you feel no inward anxiety for his treatment of her, no compunction for having neglected to prepare him for the peculiar duties on which he is now to enter. Marriage is far more often a selfish thing with man than with woman. Speak of it early to your sons, that you may be beforehand with the world in forming their impressions of it. You can give them just and exalted views of it. The world will not.

Beautiful is the character of the true daughter, wife, and mother. Equally beautiful is that of the true son, husband, and father. My heart melts within me, as I remember my eldest-born. His native goodness of heart prompted all I would have taught. The nursery maid, who was a blooming girl when he was born, and who aided me through so many years, stood a wrinkled woman by his coffin, when he was taken in the prime of manhood from his wife and children ; and as the tears rolled over her cheeks, she said, "He was always so kind ! he never could bear to give anybody trouble, no, not even when he was a little boy !" — Ah, this simple manifestation had sunk deep into her breast. It was but the expression of his charming, unselfish nature.

How many tokens of it in his boyhood fell like dew upon his mother's heart ! Pleasant recollections are growing there yet, fresh as ever, though I am so old now, and he has been dead so long. Once, at eight years of age, that child lay awake a whole night in severe pain, without uttering a moan, lest he should disturb a sick mother. When the scarlet fever was in the family, and he was about fourteen years of age, I saw him sit two long hours, amusing a sick fretful little brother on his

knee, never uttering one impatient word, though the waywardness of the child would have been inexpressibly trying even to a mother. This was amiable; was it unmanly? I have known him to bear calmly the ridicule of his schoolmates, because he would not join in certain rough games, which he knew would destroy his well-worn and well-kept hat and coat. I need not say that this was in our days of straitened circumstances. Nothing was beneath the remembrance of his considerate heart — “the understanding heart,” as the Scriptures beautifully express it.

He became a man, a husband, a father. He was respected abroad for he was a man of sense and integrity. But oh! how happy was his fireside! Few busy men imagine that they can find time to take part in the education of their children. But he could. He could read with them, and talk with them, and win their confidence, and know them, and consequently help them. He was not one of those who look upon their children as mere playthings, given to amuse them in the hours of relaxation. Not to the mother alone was left the whole tremendous duty of watching and moral training. By the domestic fireside you saw that his thoughtful, self-forgetting soul was intent only on the improvement and happiness of all around him, and there the ever gentle being was idolized.

He married a young, sensitive, delicate creature, whom a word of harshness would have wounded to the quick. She never heard such a word from his lips. I knew she would not, when I saw the touching trustfulness of her face, as she looked up to him for one moment at the close of the marriage ceremony. How that look would have pained my conscience if I had not felt sure he would be all that he had promised, and she had hoped! — And when, at last, we stood together gazing on his placid manly features, cold in death, she turned to me with a sudden gush of grief, murmuring, “Ten years have we lived together, and he never spoke an unkind word to me.” Fast were falling the tears of every woman who had served in any capacity in his stately mansion. From him they had found a regard for their feelings, an interest in their concerns, a readiness to give judicious advice, and a something almost respectful in demeanour, to which they had been little

accustomed in other families. How they revered and loved him! Who will despise the thought of such mourners at his grave?

Farewell now, my descendant. I look far back. I shall not live to behold yet another generation ripen into manhood, for God has given me more than my share of privilege in this respect. Yet my heart yearns strangely towards the little prattling boys who come round my easy chair, contemplating my silver hair and trembling hands with their large wondering eyes, asking of the olden times, and why the other boys at school have no "great-grandmother!" It was their grandfather whose charming boyhood lingers so pleasantly in my memory. The old weep not for the dead, and I have long since ceased to mourn that he passed away in his prime. But I love to look on one whose countenance reminds me of him. Mysteriously do resemblances appear and disappear in alternate generations; resemblances moral, physical and intellectual. In that dear child, your second son, it will be easy to cultivate the home-virtues, and form the good husband, father, and master for yet another race, sending down the beautiful inheritance of domestic felicity from generation to generation. Neglect it not in any; for the germ of the domestic graces is in every boyish heart, even in the most thoughtless and selfish, and it is a mother's province to nurse it into beauty and maturity.

Your affectionate grandmother.

LOIS.

A THOUGHT FROM THE PAST.

OUR vanished years! let memory's muffled bell
Toll but one requiem, and but one Farewell,
For him whose eyelids in a wintry grave
Were closed in anguish by the icy wave.
Rest, early friend*! bemoaned in life's young bloom,—
Gone like a shadow to the voiceless tomb,—
When last we climbed to yon high leafy crest,
To watch the sunlight fading in the West—
Ah, little thought I that this hand would trace
These words of grief above thy burial place.
Thou hast our tears! but lo! the clouds depart,—
Our brother sleeps, with sunshine on his heart,—
The tempest dies,—the seas are silent now,—
And Heaven's sweet smile has settled on his brow.

J. T. F.

* Orlando Pitts of Roxbury, who was lost in the December storm which wrecked the steamer Atlantic two years since on her passage between Boston and New York.

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA. NO. XI.

THE progress of the book-making art, or artisanship,—that in which the publisher, the printer and the binder are concerned,—is very observable in this country from year to year. In elegance, finish, massiveness, quality of paper and type, some of our establishments are overtaking the bibliopolists of the old world. This advance is especially conspicuous in Annuals,—a department of Letters for which, in general, we confess to a rather feeble admiration. But anything that is done well has an interest and a beauty peculiar to itself; and it is delightful to see these saleable and popular works, not only attractive externally, but filled with improved matter. We cheerfully record the titles of such as have been sent to us within a few days, thankful both for having received them, and that none have been sent to us that cannot be honestly commended. "The Rosary of Illustrations of the Bible" is edited by Rev. Edward E. Hale,—published by Phillips & Sampson,—engravings,—all of which are capital designs and several remarkably well executed,—by Ritchie. "The Holy Family" from Poussin, and "The Lord of the Vineyard" from Opie, are especially fine. Of course, from the literary tact of the editor, the selections are made with the best taste; nothing is included that does not deserve a place. The names of Coquerel, Furness, Martineau, Nicoll, Keble, Very, Herbert are conspicuous in the list of contributors.—"Beauties of Sacred Literature," from the press of Munroe & Co., is edited by Thomas Wyatt, and is the successor to "The Sacred Tableaux," so favorably received a year since. It is composed of articles illustrative of Scriptural scenes and incidents, written by distinguished persons of various religious denominations,—accompanied by eight steel engravings. The poetical pieces of Bryant, Dr. Frothingham's "Moses Smitten the Rock,"—and we will add "The Heart's Song" by Rev. A. C. Cox,—are of themselves worth the cost of this very handsome volume.—Munroe & Co. also issue "Thoughts of a Life Time," by Mrs. Caroline Gilman, which will be eagerly sought by the large circle of Mrs. Gilman's Northern and Southern friends, both for its intrinsic merits, and for the sake of agreeable associations and memories. Mrs. Gilman holds a deserved place, both for the purity of her sentiments and her style, and the vigorous and graceful play of her imagination, among the first female authors of America.—The same publishers have just announced Motley's "Merry-Mount," a fiction of the days of the Pilgrims, invested with much historical and romantic interest, instructive as throwing light on the opinions and customs of the New-England Puritans,—a native subject by a native author,—and worthy

the attention of all who prefer useful to pernicious novels.—B. B. Mussey & Co. put out a full and splendid edition of Whittier's glorious poetry,—the true, genuine, heart-stirring, pulse-quicken ing poetry of John G. Whittier. We have no room to speak of this book as it deserves to be spoken of,—of its merits, its destined influence,—its rank in our literature,—or its faults. This is of less consequence, as everybody who can afford it will own and read it for himself. It goes into the company of the undying oracles.—Also, a revised and enlarged edition of Mrs. Hale's "Flora's Interpreter," a collection of curious information and really capital extracts from the poets, ingeniously and tastefully arranged,—science and sentiment together,—science without dulness and sentiment without folly,—the botany of Pieria along with a draught of its waters, language for dumb lovers and a battery of shocks for crusty bachelors. Munroe & Co. have "The Sunday School and Other Poems" by William B. Tappan,—a well known Boston author, whose verses always breathe pure and devout feelings, and flow in easy measures.—From Crosby & Nichols we have a second and very neat edition of Mrs. L. J. Hall's "Miriam," a favorite in this community,—bearing evident traces of the strong character and quick insight and refined culture, of a woman whose written and spoken words, and daily life, equally dignify her sex and benefit the world;—"A Priori Autobiography," a production of an ingenious, introspective, analytical mind,—apparently designed as an epitome of the successive philosophical systems, and an account of the passage of an individual mind,—and thus symbolically of the world's mind,—through each;—elaborately executed, though not half so mystical as it looks at first sight. It is concerned with the doctrine of God,—with the Origin and Rule of the Universe,—stopping short of Christology;—also, "The Eskdale Herdboy," and "The Childhood of Mary Leeson,"—among the best books for children, and admirably adapted to the season.—Gould, Kendall & Lincoln have favored us with a copy of President Wayland's "University Sermons;" and grand sermons they appear to us. They belong among the efforts of the masters of the pulpit. They are theological and ethical. They state the great doctrines of the New Testament, to a considerable extent, in language that we cannot prefer, indicating dogmas that we cannot accept. But there is an unspeakable satisfaction in following the processes of a mind such as is at work here, comprehensive in its survey, close in its argumentation, intense and firm in its grasp of the subject, majestic in its movement; a mind constantly illumined, warmed, made genial and inspiring confidence by being pervaded with the meekest, sincerest, most affectionate piety. Dr. Wayland subordinates rhetoric. His aim seems to be rather to disencumber his thought, and give it bare and clear, than to clothe, or

adorn it. — Very unlike these discourses are those,—from the same publishers,—of "E. L. Magoon," called "Proverbs for the People." Probably a greater amount of quotation,—poetical and prosaic,— anecdote, classical reference, historical allusion and odd comparison, was never before brought together, in the compass of the English tongue, to confirm the wisdom of Solomon. The book is a curiosity-shop; but fortunately much good sense and spirited exhortation are among its commodities.—"Boy's and Girl's Library," and "Northend's School Dialogues," from W. J. Reynolds & Co., we have only glanced at; the former strikes us as a repository of exceedingly engaging matter of every description belonging to a holiday present.—"The Biography of Self-taught Men," a work calculated to stimulate the nobler ambition of the young, to encourage under obstacles and to excite to untiring diligence,—containing the lives of Roger Sherman, Niebuhr, Rittenhouse, Count Rumford, Humphrey Davy, Baxter, Bowditch, West, Watt, Henry, Sir William Jones, and a host of others, with an Introductory Essay; for sale by Benjamin Perkins & Co.—"Margaret Smith's Journal,"—the Diary of a young girl residing in the Massachusetts Colony near the close of the seventeenth century,—understood to be from the pen of Whittier, a series of graphic pictures of the colonial life,—is from the house of Ticknor & Co.—If the book were published, and not merely printed for private circulation, we should cordially recommend to our readers the interesting writings of James Kennard, Jr.,—the remarkable young man of whom some account has been given in our pages,—with the accompanying Biography, by Rev. A. P. Peabody.—We have seen an excellent and eloquent Thanksgiving Sermon, preached by Rev. C. T. Brooks at Newport, and printed in the "Newport Daily News," on "The New-England Heritage."

ERRATA.—In the Article in our last No. entitled "Declaration of War against War," on the 5th line of page 539, for *irritate* read *imitate*; on the 540th page 10 lines from the top, read, "The long Peloponnesian war created no Spartans *though* a Lycurgus, indeed, *did*"; on the 5th line of page 542 for *gasping* read *gaping*.

INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATION AT WEST NEWTON, MASS.—On Wednesday, November 22, Mr. William O. White was ordained at West Newton, as the first Pastor of the First Unitarian Society in that place. The following was the order of services:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Hale of Worcester; Selections from the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Knapp of Brookline; Sermon (from 2 Corinthians xv. 18), by Rev. Mr. Morison of Milton; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Stone of Salem: Charge, by Rev. Dr. Walker of Cambridge; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Bond of Barre; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Simmons of Springfield; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Hill of Waltham.

INSTALLATION AT BOSTON, MASS.—Rev. Thomas Starr King was installed as Pastor of the Hollis Street Society in Boston, December 6, 1848. The services were in the following order:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Frothingham of Boston; Reading the Scriptures, by Rev. Dr. Ballou of Medford; Sermon, by Rev. Dr. Dewey; Prayer of Installation, by Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Alger of Roxbury; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Bartol of Boston; Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Chapin of New York city; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Parkman of Boston.

DEDICATION AT BROOKLINE, MASS.—The new House of the First Congregational Society in Brookline, built nearly on the site of the former, was dedicated to the worship of the Father, December 1, 1848. The services were as follows:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury; Selections from the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Hill of Waltham; Dedication Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Pierce, Senior Pastor; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Knapp, Junior Pastor; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Reynolds of Jamaica Plain.

DEDICATION AT UPTON, MASS.—The First Unitarian Church in Upton was dedicated to the worship of God, on Thursday, December 14, 1848. The following was the order of exercises:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Willson of Grafton; Selections from the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Stacy of Milford; Prayer of Dedication, by Rev. Mr. Hill of Worcester; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Tenney of Upton; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Allen of Northborough.

PARISHES AND PREACHERS.

We are gratified to know that Rev. Mr. Livermore of Keene has already found his health materially benefitted and his residence delightful at Santa Cruz.

Rev. Dr. Thompson of Barre has taken charge for the present of the Society at Lincoln made vacant by the lamented death of Mr. Samuel Ripley.

It is generally hoped that Dr. Dewey will take charge of our struggling society at Albany, and establish it upon a firm and independent basis.

The Editor of the Christian World continues his very acceptable labors at Mendon another year; while residing in this vicinity and conducting a weekly journal, he manages to do a very creditable amount of pastoral as well as pulpit work nearly forty miles off.

Rev. Mr. Billings of Meadville appears to be exceedingly prospered at Peterborough, in awaking the interest and attracting the attendance of his people.

The Athol society is still another instance of entire renovation; from a feeble, dying state it has been changed to one of great prosperity and promise.

The connexion of Dr. Dewey with the Church of the Messiah, has been dissolved, owing to his continued inability to perform its Pastoral duties. On parting with him, some members of his congregation presented him with \$1,000 as a token of their affection and remembrance. And it was also voted, that a portrait of their esteemed Pastor should be procured for the Church Library.

The same society have also lately subscribed some \$400 towards the sum annually contributed by the Unitarian Societies of New York and Brooklyn, for the Meadville Theological Seminary.

Rev. Mr. Robbins' Society, Boston.—We are gratified to know, that on renewing the worship of this ancient Society, in the Masonic Temple, hardly any were missing, and the best feeling was manifested. Nearly every pew was taken, and a thousand dollars over the necessary expenses of the Society were down at once.

It is probable that the change, after all, will turn out to the advantage of the Society. They have, indeed, lost a fine building, but in a most miserable location, out of the reach of two-thirds of the Society, without any such convenience as comfortable side-walks; jammed up close by stores and shops, where, on week days, life goes in a perfect rush; and now they start afresh in the midst of the crowded dwelling-houses of city life, where the people themselves reside, and added churches are required.

Rev. J. H. Perkins has resigned the charge of the Unitarian Society in Cincinnati.

We understand that the Meeting-House in Dorchester, near Harrison Square, built by Rev. Stephen Bailey and others, for the purpose of establishing an Orthodox Society, has been purchased by a company of gentlemen belonging mostly to Harrison Square and that vicinity, for the purpose of establishing themselves in the House as a Society of Unitarian Worshippers. We are highly gratified to learn that their laudable enterprise has thus far been eminently successful.

A member of the Society informs us that over forty pews have already been leased; that all the proprietors are men of good property, and some of

them are wealthy—a circumstance which gives assurance of ability to sustain the undertaking.

Mr. S. Larnard of the Meadville School is preaching alternately at Peoria and Tremont, Illinois, places thirteen miles apart, with good success and encouraging prospects. Messrs. Adam, Elliot, Conant and D'Lange are expected to assemble there in Convention near the close of November.

Rev. S. J. May who has been doing missionary-work in the interior of N. Y. State, has been cheered everywhere by large audiences, and desires exceedingly that a missionary should be established there.

Mr. Coburn, of the last Meadville class, is starting a society in Jefferson, making the third Meadville graduate located near the head of Seneca Lake.

Rev. Caleb Stetson has accepted an invitation to South Scituate.

Rev. Rufus Ellis will remain, we rejoice to hear, at Northampton.

Rev. Dr. Lamson has acceded to the wish of his people to remain with them.

Rev. Mr. Stone of Sherburne has resigned his ministry in that place, and taken charge of the pulpit at Chelmsford. Mr. Francis C. Williams, who was invited to Albany, has entered into an engagement to preach there six months.

Rev. Mr. Hinckley late of Leicester, has formed an engagement to remain at Norton. Mr. Oliver J. Fernald, of the Cambridge Divinity School, will preach through the winter at West Thomaston, Me. Rev. Mr. Stone, late of Brewster, is now fulfilling an engagement for a year with the people at Sharon.

A general desire is felt that Dr. Gannett should give another course of Sunday evening lectures this winter; crowds would no doubt attend. We wish they might be in some more central church than his own.

MRS. MARY S. B. DANA. It is some months since it began to be reported, that this lady, whose adoption of the Unitarian faith had become so widely known through her "Letters to Unitarians," had receded from that ground, and been publicly confirmed in the communion of the Episcopal Church. This is now to be relied on as fact. We have the further information to lay before our readers, that she has become the wife of the Rev. Robert Shrindler, Episcopal missionary at Orangeburg, S. C. (a place of 500 inhabitants, 40 miles Southeasterly from Columbia, on the Edisto,) the place where her father and mother lived at the closing period of their life and where they both died.

To THE BENEVOLENT.—The Managers of the "Temporary Home for Destitute Children," ask the aid of their fellow citizens in continuing an Institution which even a short experience has shown to be so much needed. In this city there are a large number of children who from various causes, the imprisonment, vice, or death of parents, are left without a home, and who can readily be disposed of, adopted, or placed out in families in the country, and thus removed from evil influences to good. For nearly two years a Home for the reception of these little ones has been sustained in Albany street, and about 250 cases each year provided for at a very small expense. But the plan already in such successful operation must be abandoned, unless further aid can be secured. Contributions are earnestly solicited. Those in money may be sent to Mr. H. M. Chapin, 13 Long Wharf, Treasurer. Clothes or provisions to the Home No. 26 Albany street, care of Mrs. Garnautt.